

BEN AND NANCY SLOPER'S

VISIT

TO

ZALSBURY VAIR,

WHAT THAY ZEED AND HOW
THAY ENJOYED THERSELVES

(BEING A DESCRIPTION OF THIS NOTED PLEASURE FAIR
AS IT APPEARED IN THE LAST YEAR OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.)

One Vriday evenin, beginnin a las October, atter I'd a zettled up we Measter var harvest work, an draa'd me Mickelmis money, jist as I'd a got in dooer an wur zitten down ta tay, Nancy zays, "Well, Benny, now you've got a vew pouns extry, zapoussen ya da carry out what you've a promised I za long." "What's that, Nancy," I zays? "Why ya zed as ow one a thease yere vine days, an you cood avoord it, ya'd teak I inta Zalsbury, var ta zee tha inzide a tha Girt Church there, cos if ya da mine we ony zeed tha outzide on un when we wur there Jubilee time, an I shid dearly like ta zee what tis like inzide, as I've rade an yeard za much taak about it, one time an tother."

"Well, eece, an zoo I will, Nancy, an if ael is well be drat if we dwoant goo Zalsbury Vair day, thats nex Tuesday week. Measter da gie ael the varm hans as can be speer'd a hallerdy then; zoo mine if we'm alive an well thats zettled down." Zoo a nite or two atterwirds I vinds out Bob Kite ower Carrier, an I zaays, "now Bob, thee mine an seave two placin inzide a thee van var Nancy an I, on Zalsbury Vair day. Not, dwoant ee zee, that I'd mind ridin outzide agean on tha tail rack, bit ya zee a body caant reckon on the weather being za vine in tha middle a October, as tis middle a June, an a coose if should turn out a rale wet slimy an rhaymy zart of a day, tood be main akurd specily var Nancy." "Aelrite Ben," a zaays, "thee an thee wife shill av two a tha baste sates inzide a my van." Zoo thic thar job wur zettled.

Zoo on Tuesday marnin, October tha haighteenth last, bout haight-a-clock, off we bouth went. Twur a nicish zart of a marnin anuff, bit terryable coold var tha time a year, howzemever we zoon got warm an

comfortable in Bob's van, which wur chogged up vull a voke gwain ta vair, besides dree hobbledehoys zit up on tail rack behine, and who diden varget ta kick up a terrible shindy neither, zingin, shouten, an hollie un a good un at everything an every biddy as we jogged along tha road ta Zalsbury; howzemever avore we got to ower journey's end, zummat happened ta stop their shouten an skylarken, an mead em zing a different tune. Jist at tha bottom a Tinker-pit hill, wur Bob pulled up he's hosses ta let em av their heads, an teak their time up tha hill a drove a cows we a vriskey young bull come out of a vield, an got between ower van and a lot mwore vans, waggins, an carridges, as wur vollern on cloas behine ess; tha bull zeein tha bwoys laigs danglin vrim the tail rack, mead straitte vor em an wur about ta get he's harns under the tail rack – as thay thought – ta gie em a bit of a higest up like, when the bwoys, zeeing what a wur up to, screamed out murder like grim death at tha top a their voices, an then manidged ta scrabble their laigs together, an stood bolt upright on tha rack, one on em in his vrite got rite up on tha top a tha van, an in quick sticks down went a boot an haaf a laig rite droo tha roof a tha van, tha zite a which nearly vrighted Nancy into sterricks. Bob an I, seein tha steat of affairs jumped out, an he we's whip an I we me waakin stick, and tha help of one or two mwore, manidged to drave tha bull an cows back into tha vield agean. Tha dree bwoys wur that gallerd an vrowtend, they looked like death, an as you med geace they wur ael as quiet as mice during tha raste peart a tha journey.

Jist atter ten-a-clock we got into Zalsbury an tha pleace zeem'd ael alive we voke, an crowds still a comen in be every van, waggon, an cart; besides the

two lines a railway. Zalsbury, I mist tell ee is a noteed
pleace var Carriers vans, nar nother zich a pleace var
em in England I've yeard zay, nearly every village an
hamlet, var twenty mile around av got one, an zom on
em got two, an even dree. Main on em da do tha
journey twice a week, Tuesdys an Zadderdys. Voke
used ta zay, as ow tood be ael up we Carriers when tha
railway lines wur opened, but be drat if there yeant
mwore than ever, an ael on em doin a purty good
stroke a business too, we passengers and passels, an
what not. Ya zee; voke in thasem yer days will get
about, an wur tha money da ael come vrom, da whack
I, begar it do, tis a regular puzzle that tis.

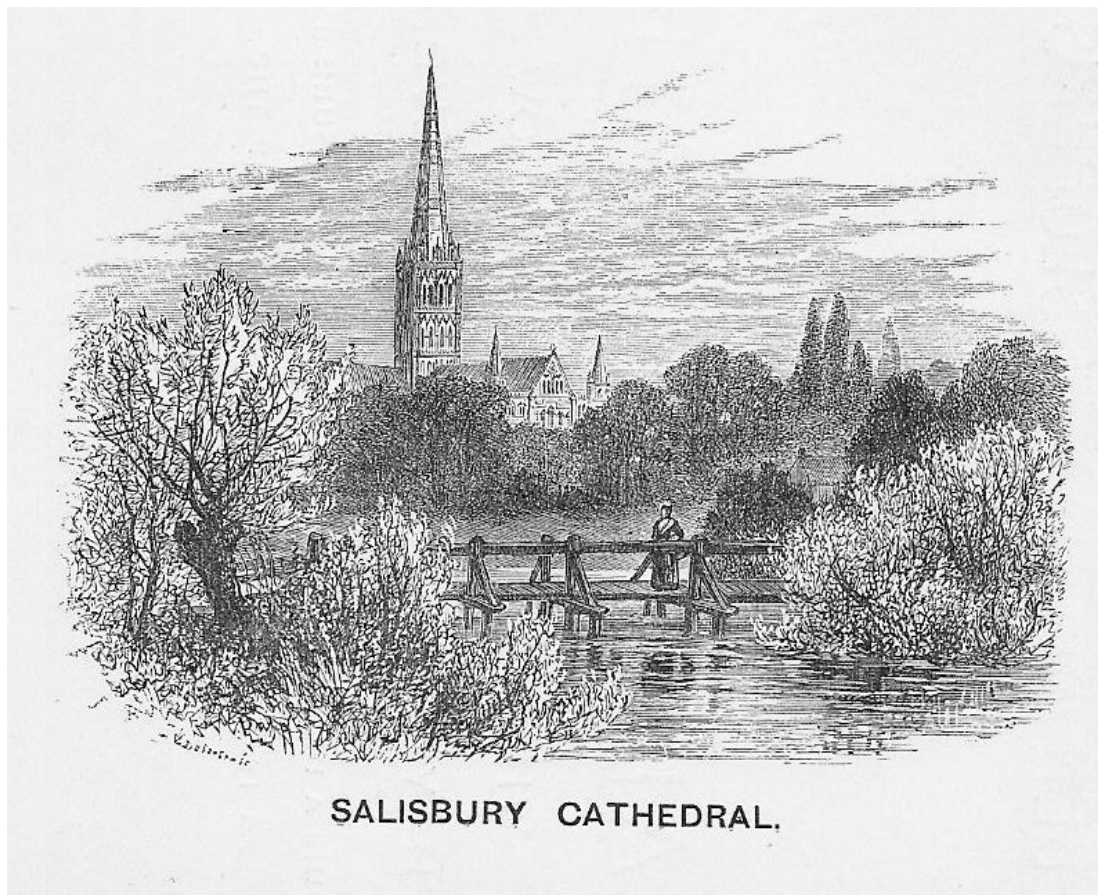
Bob pulls up at tha Showder a Mutton, were we
gets out, an gooes in ta av a crowst a braden cheese an
wet ower whissel. Then I zays; "Now, Nancy, we'll go
down an zee tha girt Church vust avore ther's many
about." Zoo we bustled off droo tha crowds a voke ael
down High Street and droo tha Cloas Geat an ael down
tha broad rid gravel waak be tha side a tha girt elem
trees, up in which swarms a rooks an starlins wur caain
an chirrupen a good un, we zoon got ta tha Wace
Vront, an bouth on ess stood back a leetle zo's ta get a
good view on it. Nancy wur quite struck up like, we
tha grander on it, an wanted ta knaa who ael thay
statues an immediges wur, an what thay wur put up
theyre var; a coose, that wur mwore than I cood tell
her, bit thick un I zed, as ad got a model a tha girt
Church under he's yarm, wur Bishop Poore as started
builden tha Cumthedral cloas on zeven underd year
ago, it took nearly varty year to build un up, an then
tha Girt Spire wurden put up till nearly a underd year
atter that. Mwoast a tha immediges I zed, be tha
statues a Zaints an Martyrs as av suffered var their

religion, an tha seak a christyanity years agoo. One poor man, as ya da zee, av got a arrer shot rite droo he's heart. "Poor dear man," zays Nancy, "what thay mist av gone droo in thic em ther barberous times, an ael var tha seak a true religion, var which we in thase enlightened days ought ta be downrite thankful var." I then pwinted out ta Nancy zummat as Uncle Steve ad a showed I wen quite a leetle bwoy, an which even now there beant many voke as knaas on, an thats on one a tha marbil pillers agean tha wace vront middle dooer, tha vigure of a girt white vat pig varmed out a tha nateril grain in that marbil. Ther's a terrible lot a girt vine marbil pillers an winders in thase girt Church, one girt histry writer da zay as how ther's as many winders as ther is days in tha year, an as many marbil pillers as there be howers. A girt Pawitt neam'd Dan'l Rogers, rote zim lines about it in Latin, which accordin ta ower good woold Willshere lingo da rade like this:--

"As many days in one wool year there be,
Zo many winders in thease church ya zee;
Za many marbil pillers there be here,
As there be howers ael droo out tha year;
As many geats as moons, in one year da view;
Tho' it zeems nayshun strainge, 'tis zartin true."

Tha laingth on un vrim end ta end is nearly vive underd veet, and a underd an thirty broad, an tha spire vower underd veet high; a man da goo up once a year ta oil tha vane as da swing round be tha weather, ta tell tha voke below wich way tha wind da blow. Uncle Steve zays as ow some years agoo a man lit a vire on tha top, roasted a chicken an ad un var he's nammet, perch'd on top a tha ball; bit be drat if I can ardly believe that. When they wur repairen on un zom leetle

time back, Uncle, who knowed one a tha measons, went up as far as the haight doers, an bein a nice vine day, an the air nice an clare, he had a splendid view a ael tha country round var nearly varty mile, which a zays he'll never varget. On tha zouth zide a tha Cumthedral be tha cloisters wur ael tha girt voke belongin ta tha church be buried when thay da die, and cloas handy is tha Chapter House, a girt round haight square zart of a buildin we a lot a carvins an skulpter ael round tha walls, gien tha histry a tha bible vrim the Crayashan down ta the drownen a King Pharo and he's army, when tryen ta vollie the childern a Isrel droo tha Rid Sea.



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

Atter we'd a waak'd ael down one zide a tha buildin as vur as tha bishop's Palace geats an back agean; we zeed one a tha girt geats and doers wur open, an in we bouath went. Nancy wur quite auvercome wie meazement at the grander on't as we waaked ael down the middle aisle, and up ta tha girt brassen geats as da peart it off vrim where the organ

and zingers be, an tha Bishop an mwoast of the Clargy an gran voke da zit; thase organ is builded up in two pearts, one, one zide, and tother, tother; an is zed ta be tha vinest church organ in Englind, an wur gied ta thase Cumthedral be a rich lady neamed Grove. Then we waaked up and down tha zide aisles, an ad a good look at ael tha curious monnymints a Bishops, Warriors, an Knights in armour as they used ta wear in hankshint times; we also zeed tha Effegy a tha Bwoy Bishop, an I pwinted out ta Nancy tha monnymints an tablets put up ta tha memory a zome a ower girt Willshere men, zich as Zur Richet Colt Hoare, Jan Britton, an Richet Jeffries, a poor Willshere man as rote a lot a books on every martil thing inamwoast connected wie country life an nateril history; an aelthough a girt janius “as the world now zaays a wur,” a wur let die in pauverty inamwoast, an ony a young man either, “What a burnin sheam,” zaays Nancy, “yeant it a lesson var ees Benny, ta do what good we can ta voke while thame alive steeds a kicken up a girt vuss atter thame dade and gone?” “true,” I zaays, “me dear, bit then I've yeard a wur zich a modest zart of a man, a hooden let voke know how bad off he wur, ya zee.” “Well, then, ael as I can zay is, the girt uns ought to have enquired into his zarcumstances. 'twur jist the seam wie poor Bobby Burns, tha scotch Pawitt, whose book we a've got a touam. Thay let un starve purty nigh, an now be putten up monnymints to un ael auver tha wordle.” Zoo atter spending nearly two howers in lookin at ael tha gran an wonnerful things in tha Cumthedral, we comes out and meaks ower way up to Uncle Steve's in Penny Varden Street, as luck hood av it, Uncle wur jist come in vrom wirk; zoo atter we'd shook hands an tha kissen wur auver, Uncle zaays, “Well Ben, knowen ya wur boath comin in ta Vair, I've

manidged to get haaf a hallerdy this atternoon, an zoo now we'll ael have a proper good time on it in the Pledjure Vair.” Zoo atter dinner wur auver, and the ooman voke ad gone up stayers ta tittyvate therzelves up a bit, Uncle an I ad a pipe a baccy apiece, an a good chat bout one thing an tother. When we wur ael ready ta goo, Uncle looks at I main straight an a zaays, “Ben, thee leave thic ar watch an chain a thine here, hoot? an then thee't knaa he's seaf, var there's zure ta be a lot a thieves an pick-pockets about amangst tha crowd. Ony last Vair bit one, a chum a mine – a knowen zart of a feller too – wur vool big anuff ta goo droo the Vair wie a vine zilver watch an a gooldern chain hatched on to un, an they manidged ta lug un out of he's pocket, an a know'd nuthen about it till zomebiddy draad his tention to a vew links a tha chain as wur danglin vrim he's weastcwoat pocket. As I zed, a wur a fess knowing zart of a feller in he's own opinion, an zoo a swear'd he'd av tha thieven scoundrel tha nex Vair; zoo last year what did er do bit buy a girt vlash brassen chain, bright an yaller as any guinea gold, gets a inion about the zize of a watch, vixes un on ta tha chain, an wie a bit a string drided droo, draas it down droo a hawl into he's lift han breeches pocket, woun it roun he's vingers, an started off ael droo tha crowds in tha thick a tha Vair, wie he's cwoat wide open ta show tha chain blazin an glittern away vrim he's watch pocket, an he's lift han in he's trowjers pocket, holden on ta tha string, veelin zartin zure that tha seam feller as ad he's watch last year hood be there ta try it on agean; Bit lar bless thee, Ben, nabiddy never offer'd ta look at un let aloone touch un, aelthough a wur waakin up an down droo tha thick a tha Vair var howers an howers; As I twould un atterwards, pen on it tha shearper fellers cood zee tha chain wur a brassen one, an not woth runnin tha risk a

stalen, an praps begar, cood smill tha inion in tha trap, who knows! howzemever Ben, leave thee watch an chain here, an thee't be zure he's seaf.

Zoo I gied me watch an chain ta Aunt, who went an locked un up in a draaer upstayers, an off we ael vower went tawards the Market Pleace, wich wur crammed up, an chogged vull a shows, stannens, roun-de-bouts, shooting gallerys, cocoa-nut-shies, vans, waggins, drays, carts, barrers an trucks af ael sheaps an sizes, an voke ael amang em, an in tha road-way down be tha Blue Boar Row as thic as hops, that we ad as much as we cood do ta squeeze owerzelves droo em, an auverite zome a tha shows tha tangled mass a voke wur wedged za thic together we cooden waig a paig, an ad ta bide wur we wur till thay slackied a bit. Tha naise too, wur zummat diffenen, what wie the steam organs grinden out ael tha mwoast popler ditties a tha day; steam hooters and steam whistles blarin an tootin away, bells a ringin, gongs an cymbals a clangin, we men, bwoys, an hobbledehoys hollein, shouten an singin, an wimmen voke screechen an squealin, be drat if Bedlam wur a patch on it I knaa.

Thur wur two steam roun-de-bouts bezides dree ar vower woold-vaishened ones, as wur pushed ar turned roun wie a handle; a girt steam switch-back railway as took up nearly haaf a tha pig market; vive or zix biggish shows, vower peep shows, a couple a sparren booths, zix shooten gallerys, an vower cocoa nut shies, wie sweet stalls be tha dozen, ael mixed up, jammed, an jumbled together amangst tha regular market voke, wie ther butchers' stalls, beakin stalls, geam stalls, vish stalls, vegetable stalls, coffee stalls, beaked teatie stalls, an dozens mwore a one zart an

tother, an ael on em zeemed ta be doin a good roarin trade. Besides thase em yer, thur wur men an oomans out in tha open zillen crockery, drapery, haberdashery, clothes for men, bwoys, oomen an children, new an second-han; an voke a zillen zilks, zatins, cloth, handkerchiffs, vloercloth, carpits, boots, shoes, gaiters, laggins, an in vact every, an any martel thing ya cood mention, even bird-keages wie live birds in em, wich Uncle zed wur mwoastly sparrers done auver wie yaller ochre ar their feathers dyed, ta look like canarys or gooldvinches.

Thur wur no less than vive Chep Jacks a zillen, an pertenden ta gie away rale goold an zilver watches an chain, an ael zarts a vlaish jewelry var nex kin ta nuthen. Dree Quack Doctors a zillen bottles a medicine and boxes a pills as hood cure tha heart yeak, head yeak, belly yeak, ar any other zart a yeak human natur is afflicted be, an even put a broken yarm, laig, ar coller bwone ta rights in no time, an no matter how zerious. Thur wur a Dentist feller up in a trolley, draain teeth at zixpence a piece, an wurden nar bit ticklar if twer two var the seam money, nar wither he draad out tha rite un ar tha rong un, an which a did ta a poor shepherd, who, mad wie the jaa yeak, went up ta av a cayed tooth pulled out, and in tha Dentist feller's hurry an excitement, ael tha time he wur doin on it, be drat if a diden pull out the wrong un, a good zoun tooth, an when tha poor shepherd twould un on it, a swear'd twur tha one as he pwinted out, however, to meak amends as a zed, he offered to pull out tha right un var nuthen, bit tha poor feller ad ad quite anuff on't, we tha vust bout.

Handy ta the Dentist, wur another Quack curin people as wur diff, var a shilling a piece, a poor woold

ooman went up ta be cured, zoo atter she'd a paid tha shillin, he anoints bouath of her ears we zim stuff like permatum, then pours in a leetle drop a what he called he's Patent Dade Awakener, an in a minet ar zo, puts tha end of a girt ear trumpit ta one of her ears an bawls out zo's you cood hear un ael auver tha market spite a tha diffen naise gwain on. "You can hear now my good ooman caant ee?" the poor woold leady wur zo gallerd an vrowtened that she nodded her yead, where upon, a turns to the crowd an zaays, "there ya are ya zee, zeein is believin, she's quite cured now, that ull do my good ooman, by ta marrer you'll hear as well as ever you did in ael yer life. Now then my lads, make way please var tha nex patient," an tha feller zartinly done zich a trade that we yeard atterwirds a raised the price to haighteen pence, bit I never yeard as how it done arn on em a bit a good, if anything, they zeemed to be differ than ever, zoo Uncle yeard zay; Of ael tha things in tha Vair, tha switch-back railway an tha roun-de-bout hosses zeemed to be doin tha baste an teaken mwoast money, var as zoon as one lot a voke got down underds a mwore wur waiten their turn ta get up; Zoo at Aunt's wish ael vower on ess ad a ride roun on tha hosses, an then nuthen hooden do bit what we mist av a goo on the switch-back, zoo we ael vower got inta one a tha coaches an roun we went up hill an down hill, bout ten mile a nower I shood think, an voke a laffen, shouten, hollien, whisslen, an zingin a good un, an every time we come roun to a zartin spot, two ar dree chaps an their gals as wur standin looken on, mused themselves be peltin Uncle, Aunt, I an Nancy we baigs vull a leetle specs a peaper of ael colours, we wur tirely covered we't vim yead ta voot, eyes, ears, mouth, an ael, jist as tho we'd a bin in a starm a sleet an snow a ael colours a tha rainbow. Begar I wurden nar bit zorry when thic

thar leetle jaunt come to an end, var we tha naise an tha pelten we that are confetty stuff as Aunt called it, an tha continual gwain roun an roun, an up an down, I begun to come auver a leetle quare an vunny like, an zoo did Uncle Steve, but tha two ooman voke wur in ael their glory an zed as how they liked it zo thay'd av another goo roun, zoo we let em av their vling, bit Uncle an I ad quite anuff on it tha vust bout. Zoo atter Nancy an Aunt ad ad anuff on it therzelves, we ael gooes into a girt vine show just handy, wur we zeed a lot a girt Picters of ael zarts a things, plazen, an people, an ael movin about jist as tho twur ael alive. Uncle zed as how twur done be a new machine jist voun out, called tha Zindergraff; it zartinly is a wonnervul contrivance, var zom a tha zenes wur jist like life itself, an zom on em wur za vunny an komical it nearly mead ess split ower zides a laffen at em: we were ael vower downrite plazed wie thic ar Show. Then we gooes in another ta hear tha Grammerfone, a thing zummat like a leetle coffee-grinder turned auver on top of a leetle teable, a man woun un up, an roun went a vlat zart of a leetle wheel thing, an in a moment ar two zome a tha rummest an quarest zouns I'd ever a yeard in ael me barn'd days come out a tha mouth a thic ar trumpet thing, vust of ael, in a slatten zart a voice, a wished us ael good atternoon, an zed as how he wur glad ta zee ess ael there, an hoped we shood enjoy owerzelves at tha Vair, a then zung a zong "Zodgers a tha Queen," an then a komic zong, "Wur did ee get thic hat," an then a mead a spache bout Parleymint an tha nex Lection, an which Uncle Steve zed wur a pile better than lots on em cood meak as wur in Parleymint, an then a himitated Dan'l Godvrey's Grannydeer Band, marchen droo tha streets a Lunnen at the Queens Jubilee: this wur stunnen, that twur, var above tha zoun a tha

brassen musick you cood hear tha crowds a voke
hollien an cheerin as tha Band marched along. This
wer tha baste of ael var ya even vancied yerzelf there
an taken peart in it. “Well, well,” zaays Nancy,
“However is it done, Benny? Dwoant ee think there
mist be zombiddy alive under tha table? var how can a
leetle thing like that be mead ta zing, taak, an play za
well an za nateril like.” Uncle zed as how it wurden no
trick, bit a downrite rale Taakin Machine, jist voun out
be a Merican man neamed Edison. You've ony got ta
taak, zing, ar whissle inta tha mouth on un an he'll teak
tha zoun on it an bottle it up var vurther use var a
underd year ta come, zoo ya zee, Ben, atter voke be
dade and gone, their childern, grandchildern, an girt
grandchildern ull be yeable wie one a thay there
machines ta hear their voices var ever an dever. “Well,
well,” zaays Nancy, “what ever ull em do nex, I da
wonder?” “Do nex,” zaays Uncle, “Why I shudden nar
bit wonder bit what, in a vew years time, voke ull be
yeable to vlee about vrim pleace to pleace up in tha
hayer, as vree as tha birds do now. There's two ar dree
fellers now, wirkin night an day on thase Vlyen
Machines. Jist look at voke now, men, ooman, an
childern vleein about vrim pleace to pleace on their
bikes an moters; zome on em can even beat tha trains
an who'd a believed it vive an twenty year agoo.”
“Eece, an I rade tother day,” zaays Aunt, “that some
American Doctor ad jist voun out a medicine which if
voke hood bit buy, an teak regular, thay cood live jist
as long as thay minteed; raaly, there's no knowin what
voke wunt be yeable to do vore many years.”

Bim-bye we come to a Wild Baste Show an
Circus ael in one, zoo we ael gooes in ta zee what twur
like, a coose atter Barnum an Bailey we diden spec

tood be a very girt traction var we, bit be drat if
twerden a very good leetle affair an well woth tha
tuppence apiece we paid var gwain in, var there wur a
purty leetle pie ball pony about the size of a
Newfoundlan dog, an be drat if a hooden do nearly
every thing tha man twould un, even tryen to spake
when a wur axed a question. Then there wur a knowin
pig, an a clever an cunnen Grunter a wur too, he cood
count up ta ten, an zay his A B C as well's a school
bwoy. Tha man axed un ta goo roun tha ring, stop,
grunt, an nod he's yead auverite tha purtyest young
ooman in tha show, an be drat if a diden come rite up
to where we ael stood an begun ta grunt and nod he's
yead at my Nancy. Tha voke begun to cheer an clap
their hans a good un, var aelthough I da zay it mezelf,
ther yeant many young oomans about as can beat my
Nancy, we her purty light blue eyes, rozy cheecks un
chestnut hair, a coose she blushed up a bit, which mead
her look purtyier than ever, an be drat if I diden veel
main proud a thic ar knowin leetle pig's judgemint in
tha matter a beauty an good looks. I thinks Aunt wur a
bit jealous too, var when tha leetle pig stopped an
nodded he's yead, she an Nancy wur zide be zide, an
she zaays to Uncle, “I wonder which on ess twur he
maned,” Uncle zart a smiled, an ta turn it off zaays,
“O, I specs a maned tha pair on ee, teant offen a pig's
eyes lights on zich a tractive an good looken pair as
you an Nancy, Missus.”

As we comed out a tha Circus, a Punch an Judy
wur jist a gwain ta begin cloas handy like, zoo we ael
vower draad up cloas together, ta zee tha pervormance.
I raaly thought Nancy – who had never zeen narn avore
– who'd a died a laffen at tha antics a Woold Punch an
he's Dog Toby, bit she got mainly down when she zeed

how tha good var nuthen hunchback woold feller knocked poor Judy about zo, and be he's tratment caased her death; an she zaays, "Zars tha woold baiger right," when tha Pleeceman come an hung un up var murderin poor Judy.

Ther's a good many straight leaced zart a voke as pretens ta look on a Punch an Judy show wie scorn an contemp, an zaays tis ony vit var childern an zilly people thout any brains, ar telligence, bit be drat if I hant aelways noticed ther's a good many grey headed zober lookin people amangst tha crowd lookin on, an zom on em in black, wie white chokers on too an thay aelways zeemed ta be enjoyin tha vun as well as anybidy. What's tha good a draaen zich a long veace at any musement of a innercent nater, zich as a Punch an Judy Show; zides, as a girt renown'd veamous Doctor once zed, "a good hearty laff ull do ee mwore good than haaf tha medicine." Zoon we comes to a Boxen Booth, on tha outzide a which wur two ar dree girt strappen fellers an a ooman, ael stripped to their yarm-pits, wie vists an mussels as bigs as apple dumplins, an ael o'm callen an shouten out var people ta goo in an av a turn at what the leader on em caal'd Tha Noble Art an Science a Visticuffs. Nancy, who cooden zeem ta unnerstan it, terribly wanted ta goo in an zee what twue like, bit Uncle Steve zed as how we'd better bide out, unless she'd like ta zee Ben an he have their noses squat in, an be bled var tuppence a piece. "O, lar," she zaays, "dwoant ee goo in then, var tha very zite a blood hood zen me inta sterricks at wonce, specilly if it come vrim my Benny's nose."

Zoo we passed on, an went inta a Conjuren Show insteads, an a feller there draste like a voreigner

done zom wonnervul un ameazin tricks; a borried zombiddys chimleypot hat, an atter weavin a leetle stick auver tha top on un pulled out a live chicken an a couple a young rabbits, then a cut tha crown on un out, show'd up tha piece, covered it ael auver wie zombiddy's pocket hanketcher, blowed on it, weaved he's leetle stick auver it, an then handed un back ta tha owner as good an as zoun as ever a wur. Then a caal'd up a bwoy vrum tha voke stannin roun, took of he's weastcwoat athout touchen he's cwoat, mead un drink a glass a water, an then be wirken one a tha bwoys yarms up an down like a pump, draad mwore than a gallin a water out of he's elber. Bit tha baste an cleverest trick of ael wur he's growin vlowers. He puts a vew zeeds inta a girt vlower pot, watered em, weaved he's leetle stick auver tha top a tha pot, an in a vew minets a girt big plant began ta rise, which purty zoon wur a yard high an covered ael auver wie zom a tha vinest an brightest looken vlowers I'd ever a zeed. He wur a clever Conjurer zure, an kept ess ael in meazement var auver haaf-a-nower.

Jist as we laved thic show we stuck up, an ad a good look at a shearp voxy looken feller zillen goold an zilver watches, an a purty stroke a business a zeemed ta be doin too. I never in ael me life yeard zich a feller as had zich a gift a tha gab, a vairly taaked people inta buyen he's wares. A young feller as Uncle Steve know'd wur foolish anuff ta gie a zovereign var one in the market zom vew weeks avore, which tha feller as zould un declared wur mead a nearly ael rale guinea goold; nex day, a watch-meaker, who a let look at un, twould un ee cood buy a barrer load on em in Brummagem at dree an six apiece. Heet, spite a that, thers aelways nogheads anuff about ta keep on drowen

away their money on em, ar how cood thease fellers
live as thay do?

Auverite tha Watch Ziller, wur anodder Chep Jack who jist as we'd got to un started zillen he's wares, a put up what he'd caaled zim rale zaleskin pusses lined we merrocker leather shillin apiece, an swearin an declaren as how he'd put a rale good shillen ar zixpence in every one a zould, as twur Vair time, an ta zee if thay'd a got any pluck in em ta buy; "Now." zays he, "who will av tha vust?" "I," zays Uncle Steve to ower girt ameazement, zoo a wur anded to un an zure anuff there wur a rale good shillin inzide in un, which Uncle showed up ta tha voke as wur standen roun. In a vew minets I shood think tha feller zould two ar tree dozen on em, tha buyers ael veelin zure that thay hood vind a rale good shillin ar zixpence inzide, bit thay zoon vound out twur ony appence an vardens done auver we zum white stuff ta meak em look like zilver, an a coose thay wur ael sheamed ta let voke know it, var veer a been laffed at. At tha time a main puzzle ta I an Nancy how twur Uncle wurden took in as well as the raste a tha buyers, bit he twould ess atterwirds, as how thic Chep Jack put up at tha Cart Wheel, nearly cloas to where Uncle did live, an bein in thayre one nite, a auver yeard un zay as how he aelways put a good shilling long we tha vust thing a zould to gain vokes confidence, as the lucky buyer hood be zartin zure ta naise it about, zoo thats how twur I come to nab the vust, zays he.

"Now then, yar ya ar, Ladies an Gennelmin," zays a girt long lanky chap in carderoys in charge of a Cocoa Nut shy, "dree goes a penny, roll, bowl, pitch, toss, chuck, ar vling, you've ony got ta let tha balls goo

out a yer han, an down comes tha nuts like a hail storm, ael good an zoun, an vull a milk sweet as crame every one on em, ar I'll ate my moke an cart.” “Do av a shy, Ben,” zays Nancy, “I be za vond on em, an shood like ta car wom a vew,” zoo ta plase her, I an Uncle had zixpenneth betwixt ess, an manidged ta get two apiece bezides smaishen a couple ael ta smithereens ta the girt delight a tha bwoys stannen roun, who wur zoon scramblin atter tha bits. Then Aunt an Nancy ad two penneth apiece but narn on em never got within a yard of ar a cocoa nut, tha ony nut my Nancy manidged ta het wur a leetle bwoys, who wie he's mouth wide open wur grinnen at her performance, one a her balls bounded off an gied un zich a smack on tha jowl, that ya cood hear un hollie out murder ael auver tha market purty nigh, howzumever we gied un a penny an a nut wich zoon shut up he's clacker an a begun a grinnen away harder than ever, however it zart a gallerd Nancy var she begun ta think she'd a done varn, when a kicked up zich a naise, twur her vust shy at Cocoa Nuts an she warn tid be tha last, she zed. “Try yer straingth, Zur?” zaays a chap we a girt hooden bytle in his han, an leanin up against a girt long uprite post thing, wie a lot a vigures printeed ael up, an a leetle bell at tha top, “Not if I knaas it,” zaays Uncle, “I gets mine tried at me wirk every day athout payen a penny ta vling it away on thic ar thing, doozen thee, Ben?” “O eece,” I zaays, “that I do.”

“Try yer waight then,” a zaays, “O ah, we'll av a goo at that,” zaays Uncle; “Here Missus, quat down in thic ar cheer thing,” Aunt zat down, an be drat if tha hans a tha dial diden swing roun an stop at thirteen stouan dree, “lore jamen ni,” zaays Uncle, “gained a

stouan zince las Vair, Missus, be drat if you wunt av ta goo on low diet as tha docters da zay, dry brade, skilly galie, an bloaters, wie a drop a zider once now an agean.” “Get out, do,” zaays Aunt, castin a witheren look at un, “an avore ael these yer people too.” Uncle's waight wur twelve stouan vawer, mine, leven zix, an Nancys jist nine.

“Now then, ladies an gennelman,” zaays a doctor zart of a veller in a Turk's hat, wie a goolden tassel hangin down, “if ya wants ta be cured a tha rehumatic, Sciatic or any other Attic, my lectric battery is tha ony thing to do it. What's the use a washen yer inzides out wie doctor's dish wash stuff, mead up of chaaked water an pippement at two an zixpence a bottle, as many on ee da knaa ta yer cost. Now then, yer ya ar, try tha lectric battery! ony a penny a shock, being Vair time.” “What zart of a thing is it,” zaays I ta Uncle. “I'd a good min't ta av a penneth, as I do get a touch a tha rehumatic in me lift laig zometimes.” “Oh, av a penneth be all means, Ben, tis ony a little zart of a thing ta tickle an stirr up tha blood a bit.” Zoo I drow'd down tha penny an cotched hold a tha two handles, tha young man twould I ta hold; “hold em tight as ya can, young man,” zed he. Zoo I clung on ta em wie ael me might an main, he then turned a leetle screw thing, an be drat if zummat diden run ael droo me body an inta me yarms an laigs jist like lightenen, an I begun ta wiggle an dance about a good un. “Gie un a leetle mwore,” zaays Uncle Steve, wie a sly twinkle in he's eye, to tha man. Zoo he gied tha screw anodder turn, an be drat if I diden think I wur done var, var it run ael droo me blood jist like quickzilver, an I begun ta wiggle waggle about vrim zide to zide jist like a drunken man, an shouten an hollie un out, “Teak un

off, teak un off, ar I'll be a dade man in a minet."

Nancy zeein tha steat I wur in, bawled out, "Let goo on un, Benny, caant ee?" "I caant," I zaays, tha thing sticks ta me, an holds on ta me vingers as tho they wur vixed in ower blacksmith's vice." Uncle Steve an Aunt, wie tha voke standen roun, were laffen ready ta split their zides, bit when they zeed I wur beginnen ta get spitevul, the man undone tha screw an switched off tha current as he caal'd it, an I purty zoon came ta mezelf agean. Aunt nearly went inta sterricks a laffin at my antics. "Teant no laffen matter, Aunt," I zed. "Lar bless thee, Ben," zaays Uncle, "till do thee a power a good, thee't veel like a new man bim-bye; I've ad twice as strong a dose as that, years agoo." "Well, av another dose on't now, Uncle?" I zaays; bit he shook he's yead an zed, "there wurden time as he'd promised to be up at tha Cart Wheel at zeven a'clock, wur a nice little zupper an a zing zong wur ta teak place."

Zoo atter Nancy ad a bought zim ginger-brade nuts, an a vew things ta teak wom, we ael mead ower way up to tha Cart Wheel, wur Uncle Steve interduced I an Nancy to tha Lanlard, who zeemed main glad to zee ess ael come in. Tha house wur chogged up vull a voke mwoast on em vrim tha country.

In tha girt Club room upstayers wur a girt long teable, at which a tidy vew wur zit down avin a veed. "Now then, Steve," zaays tha Lanlard, "you an yer vrens zit down, an meak yerzelves a touam, ther's plenty a good zalt beef an ham, vrim which you'm welcome ta cut away vrom as longs you'm a minteed nuthen to pay, cept what ya avs ta drink, mind that." Zoo we thanked un an ordered in haaf-a-gallin of he's baste wom brewed; then ael o's let in an ad a proper

good tuck out, ar rather tuck in. “Begar,” zaays Uncle, “this is a rare bit a nammet, never teast zich a nice bit a zalt beef in all me life avore, za marly an tender ya can zeem ta zuck it down, caant ee, Ben?” “O, eece,” I zaays, “that tis, an I da offen zay ta Nancy I wonder how tis we caant zeem ta get hold of a tender bit a beef a touam; yer ony tother Zadderdy as ever wur, I bought a bit a steak off a Tim Tugmutton, as comes roun ower way we's butcher's cart, thinkin ta ave a rale good Zundy dinner, an atter twur done an put on top a teable, be drat if Nancy ar I cood get ower teeth inta it, it wur as tough an hard as a woold leatheren boot, mid as well as av drow'd tha money away, medden ess Nancy? Var my peart I'd as zoon av a bit a vried liver an zim beakin, ya can get yer teeth inta that, anyhow.” “Well, ya zee tis like this,” zaays Aunt, - who had bin a cook in a gennemin's vamily avore Uncle married her - “Teant very offen as how you can get a tender juicy bit a beef, unless da come vrim a girt joint a vive an twenty poun ar zo, as this mead be avore twur cooked, an zoo I da tell Steve as we caant avoord ta buy a jint a that zize we better goo in var zummat as we can ate an enjoy, zich as a nice piece a ham ar grisken ar spareb, which bouath on ess be very vond on.”

Zoo atter we'd a ate till we cooden meak room var no mwore, tha teable wur clared, an Lanlard zed, “Now ladies an gennelmin, as tis Vair time we'm a gwain ta av a leetle zing zong. I've a axed a vew musical vrens, who I'm zure ull do tha baste thay can ta muse tha company.” Zoo mwore drinks wur ordered in, an then vower chaps drassed up as Niggers we black veaces an hans, zet up zingen ta tha compinyment a viddles, banjos, and clackers, zim plantation zongs, and ditties, and betwix tha choruses,

ad a dance an waak roun. Then one on em zung,
“Good Woold Jeff,” an another, “Poor Woold Joe,”
and then cracked zim jokes an axed one another zim
vunny riddles; an a very good pervormance it wur too.
Zoo we ad a whip roun vor em an atter they wur gone,
a zoljer chap got up top a teable an started off zingen,
“Zoljers a tha Queen,” an be drat if we diden nearly
raise tha roof a thic ar club room when we ael jined in
tha chorus, za harty like, thay mist a yeard tha zoun
on't in tha Vair, purty nigh. Then a zailer zung, “Tha
bay a Biscay, O!” in which chorus we ael jined, an then
another acter lookin zart of a chap, a vren a tha
Lanlard's, zung, “Tha Habzent minded Baiger,” a
capital good zong wie a rattlen good chorus, tha last
words a which wur Pay, Pay, Pay. Zoo at he's request
we mead a leetle collection var ower poor zoljers
vighthen in Zouth Africker. “Now, ladies an
gennelmin,” zaays tha Lanlard, “my woold vren an
naighbour, Mister Steve Sloper ull ablige tha company
be zingin a leetle ditty of he's own meakin, an which
he've a studded up on purpose var thease yer zing zong
ta-night.” Hear! Hear!! Order! Order!! var Mister
Steve Sloper's zong, zaays everybidy.

Zoo Uncle had a longish pull at tha quart mug
jist ta clare he's droat like an rince tha cobwebs away
as a zed, an then veelin purty well primed, jumped on
top a tha teable an started off zingen, in vine vorm, tha
vollern ditty:

ZALSBUY VAIR

When Zalsbury Vair da draa around,
We varmers lads as tills tha ground;
To tha gay zity zure be bound,
To revel in tha zite an zound.

Chorus – Var Zalsbury Vair, I do declare,
Bates ael else ya eer did zee;
Vrim marn till night, 'tis mad delight,
A vrolic, vun, an gaiety.

Tha carrier's vans on every road,
Da bring along a merry load,
An trains vrom every stayshun too;
To Vair, ull bring a tidy vew.

Chorus – Var Zalsbury Vair, etc, etc

Ache lad av draa'd he's Mickelmas,
An brings ta vair he's bonnie lass;
We chums an vrens thay'll drain a glass,
An sweet tha jolly howers ull pass.

Chorus – Var Zalsbury Vair, etc, etc

Ther's Nance an Ben in their baste clothes,
Roun on tha Switch-back merrily goes,
Their happy feaces beams we glee,
As roun, an up, an down, thay vlee.

Chorus – Var Zalsbury Vair, etc, etc

On hoss back at tha merry go round,
Tha bwoys an maidens ael be vound;
An woold voke too, dwoant think amiss,
To av a jig a day like this.

Chorus – Var Zalsbury Vair, etc, etc

Zoo drain a glass ta Zalsbury Vair,

As long's I live, med I be there,
Var a hallerdys droo out tha year,
Ther's narn o'm I da like za dear.

Chorus – Var Zalsbury Vair, etc, etc

Massy on ess, what a zene twur when Uncle ad a
vinished thic zong ta be zure, he ad ta zing tha las verse
an chorus dree times auver, an when a hooden or
cooden zing it no mwore, tha shouten, hollerin an
jinglin a cups an glasses wur a regler pandemonium.
“Well done, Steve,” zaays one; “good health, Steve,”
zaays another. “Health and zong, Steve,” zaays a
dozen ar two mwore. “Vill up yer glasses, lets av a
bumper, an drink ta my vren an naybur Mr Steve
Sloper, tha Penny-varden Street Pawitt,” zaays tha
Lanlard, which diden teak tha compny long ta do, an
then thay gied un dree cheers, an one var Aunt bezides.
Uncle thanked em ael a zed vrim tha bottom of he's
heart, an then caaled upon I ta zing the next ditty; zoo
I started off ta warble thic ar good woold Willshere
ditty, “Tha vly be on tha turmets,” which zeem'd ta
ketch on stunnen like, var tha main on em there knaa'd
it, and jined in tha chorus wie all their might an main.
Zoo atter I'd zung tha last verse auver agean ta plaze
em, an ad a good thumpen stiff glass a grog which
Lanlard persisted in tratin I wie, I zaays ta Uncle an
Aunt, “we mist be gwain now, as ower Carrier zed a
hooden wait a minet atter nine o'clock var nabiddy, zoo
if we beant there he'll goo on a thout ess.” Lanlard
baiged ess ta stop, and zed he's put ess up var the night
if we hood, as we wur zich good company a zed, bit I
twould un as ow I mist get back ta zee ta me hosses in
tha marnin, an I hooden upzet ower Measter nar
Missus var a poun, as thay be two proper good uns,

an'll do anything var I an Nancy. "O well," zaays Lanlard, "if that's het, I hooden wish ee ta stop – business is business, an pledjure is pledjure, ya know." "That's right," zaays Uncle, "if thee's got a good Measter an Missus, Ben, stick to em me bwoy, an do what's right, they beant nooan too plentivul, thasem yer times, I can tell thee." Zoo atter wishen ael tha company good night, an tha sheaken hans an kissen wur auver, tween we an Uncle an Aunt, away Nancy and I starts var tha Showder a Mutton where ower Carrier Bob put up; we got there jist ten minets avore it wur time ta start, an as we wur stannen about on tha peavement, whilst Bob went ta get he's hosses and put em in, who shood cross tha road bit two vine lookin zoljers, bouath on em Zargeant's, as thay'd a got on saishes an dree goolden stripes, an a gilt crown on their yarms, an vrim their caps long stramers a narrer rid, white, an blue ribbon hangin down, an long wie em wur dree smeat looken young chaps as ad jist listed, wie colours up as well.

Tha tallest a tha Zargeants come straight up ta where we wur standin, an atter peerin into my wife's eyes we ael he's might an main, catches hold her han an zaays "hello Nancy; what met agean?" a coose diden teak very long var I ta zee that twur Nancy's woold sweetheart tha young wheelwright what we met at the Wilton Camp when tha Autumn Manoovers wur on. Nancy zart a coloured up a bit as tha meetin on un wur za zudden like, an that too in a pleace we leetle dramed o, an I mist zay as ow a vunny zart a veelin zeemed to crape ael auver I at the zite on un in ael he's regimentals. Howzumever we zoon begun to unnerstan one anodder an get chummy like, var a shook hans we I as harty as a did we Nancy, an zed as

ow he hoped I liked a married life, an wanted to knaa how many young Slopers there wur about, at which Nancy laffed a good un, an zed as how therw wurden nooan, not heet. “O,” then a zaays, “I’m avore ee, var we’ve a got a leetle bwoy zix months woold.” “O,” I zaays, “then you be a married man, Zargeant.” “Eece,” a zaays, “I got married zoon atter tha last Manoovers on Zalsbury Plaain, as I voun out then, var the vust time, as how my vust little sweetheart, Nancy Bowden, here wur married, I mead up me mind as zoon as I got me dree stripes an wur mead Sergeant ta do tha zeam, an I married a nice leetle duck of a craater jist twenty ta tha day, who I picked up wie in Lunnen, an I’m thankvul ta zay a proper good leetle wife she is too, yeant she Jack?” zaays to he’s chum tha tother Zargeant, “O proper,” a zays, “ nar nicer leetle ooman ar better maniger in ael Lunnen, an thats zayen a good deal vur tis a biggish pleave ya knaa.”

Well, ya med be zure, what a girt waight wur lifted off a my mind to hear Nancys woold sweetheart convess he wur a married man. Not that I velt ar a bit jealous on un, ar that Nancy hood ever think any thing mwore at ael about un, bit as I’ve zed avore, these year smeat good looken zoljers, zeems ta av got zummat about em ta zart a tract, or mismerise tha ooman voke; ther’s raaly no knowin what zom on em wunt do ta gratify ther wims like, as we da offen zee an rade about in tha peapers.

Zoo we ael gooes in an avs a hot glass a grog apiece, which Zargeant hood perzist in payen var, mwore than that, a zed avore we pearted, if ever we comed ta Lunnen, an hood vine un out at he’s Barricks, he hood be plazed ta show ess about tha pleave, an get

ess zim good lodgins bezides, as long as we mint ta stop, var he shood much like ess ta zee he's leetle bwoy an be interduced ta his wife who he wur zure we shood like.

Zoo not ta be behind han, I twould un if ever tha Autumn manoevers wur ta teak pleace on Zalsbury Plaain agean, an he wur ni it, ta be zure an bring down he's wife an vamly, an meak ower house their wom while it did last; “we'll meak ee ael downrite welcome, an gie ee plenty a beakin an cabbidge, wunt ess, Nancy?” “A that we will,” zaays she, “var I shood much like ta be quainted we yer wife, an zee tha leetle bwoy.”

Then we a harty sheak hans, they wished ess good-bye, an in a vew minets tha hosses wur put too, away we went, an wur soon snug zettled down in one corner a Bob's van, on ower way whoam, as merry an happy a pearty as ever wur, var it had turned out a beautiful vine day, an everybidy in tha van zeemed ta av enjoyed themzelves down ta ground, an nobidly tha wuss var drink neither, which is a rare thing to zay comen vrim a Vair.

Zoo what wie tha zingin ael tha way whoam ta the compnymint a Bob's brothers consentscramer, tha time vloed away, that we zeemed ta get whaom in haaf tha time took ess ta goo. An when Bob pulled up at ower Church corner, main on ess wished we'd a vew mwore miles ta goo, we wur za merry and za comfortable like. Howzemever we ael ad ad a proper good day on it, an as long as Nancy an I da live, we shaant varget ower visit ta Zalsbury Vair.



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